

SAUNDAY

THE EDMONTON

A Journal of Protest and Conviction

VOL. I. No. 17

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1912.

PRICE 5 CENTS

Through The Looking Glass

IT'S about time somebody buried the Post Office clock and wrote an obituary for it. May I suggest an idea "The Light that Failed"?

It rarely fails to fail you these early winter evenings, just when you want to know what o'clock it is. Can't somebody supply the poor old thing with a lantern or a candle just to see the old year out?

Next year, when William Short is Mayor, and the millennium is come, I make no doubt we will have the hours chimed at us.

Dr. Harry Smith, being an alderman, will have let the heathen in "hurry parts" rage in their old-time fashion, and will have turned his twenty-five thousands the way of Edmonton.

I can't tell you what things I look for when the newly-elected Mayor and his five new aldermen, commence to put into practise their perfectly New Year resolutions.

AND it's next year, too, that Inspectors are really going to inspect. Officials are going to mean something, and civic officials are going to go slumming, not parading the main streets, to discover slums.

There's a good time coming, chillions. Then, will the regulations governing the covering of foods, displayed on the market be complied with. Not as now, a great placard staring you in the face, "All foodstuffs offered for sale on the market to be kept covered," and no one paying the slightest attention to the notice. Instead, the meat, vegetables, butter, etc., being employed as dust-collectors.

Oh, I tell you, my little ones, we can't get that New Year here any too soon.

A PRISONER in the police courts last week admitted having been drunk but protested that he had not used unseemly language. The language was probably sufficiently loud to be visible to any eye that was naked and unashamed.

I SEE that one of the daily papers announced that it was expected that there would be a heavy women's vote in Monday's election.

Did they pull it off?

Mr. Magrath and Mr. Clarke should have rounded up the Salomes of the city.

After all, a slim woman's vote is as good as a heavy one's any day.

I THINK it was the same "local rag"—Joe Clarke's description, not mine—that poked such fun at Mr. Magrath's "meeting for ladies only."

What did the "rag" expect?

"Twenty-one women!" Why that was a good attendance if the only knew it.

Why the "rag" ever had its own social jottings?

If they did, they would have seen that there were about ten bridges on that afternoon, to say nothing of bazzaars and muffin-struggles without number.

The "rag" expects too much.

Would they expect the women to be interested in the exercise of the bridge, when there were such distracting gambles on as bazzaars and bridge scrambles, not to speak of the joy of attending executive meetings where there were such exciting problems to be settled as to how many lemons the ladies were to allow for so many quarters of the inebrating mixture at their annual dance or Christmas celebrations.

We take the society early as yet in Edmonton. It isn't the smart crier here, as in London. Perhaps after some of the Militant Ladies have paid us a visit, and given us a practical demonstration of how to assault Prefecture and smash windows in the latest approved fashion, we may take it up.

In the meantime you will find "our women" much more concerned in Dr. Blank's Beauty lectures.

I WAS not a little surprised on Saturday morning, after attending Mr. Short's meeting in the Empress Theatre, to read by another sheet, that here were hundreds of women in the Gallery.

If the same reporter wrote the two reports, he ought to have his eyes examined. At Mr. Short's meeting there were about seventy-five women present.

It was one of them, no know.

Strikes me that young man is a human opera

question on that score.

I would rather be a good sport any day in the year, than merely take possession of the Mayor's chair of Edmonton.

Mr. Magrath was that "One Good Sport." He took his beating like a man.

If he is a philosopher, as he is a churchman, he will take comfort in the Biblical phrase, that in the text he "quit himself like a man."

By his conduct in the hour of defeat he earned more of the respect of the community, than most Mayors attain to after a year in office.

The Public knew a bigger supply of abuse on hand than they do of encouragement for their civil servants.

I don't know who has the better end of it in the present contest, Short or Magrath. And now it's up to some idiot to remark that the Mayor for 1913 has the Short end of it.

Pardon me, I only anticipate.

If the papers had the right of it, and they sometimes do stumble on the truth, a certain person was a little more active in the recent municipal contest, than most people would deem either wise or quite fair.

A person's business is, or should be, to instruct the people's morals, not to influence them as to how to vote.

In the instance in point, for the purpose of buying himself in the defeat of what is known as the McCaig Faction, he put himself in the invidious position of discarding against his own Sunday school superintendent.

I said last week that a stupid good man could do as much harm as a rascal. I believe not only this, but that ministers of the Gospel do as much mischief in the world as they do good.

We look to them to be broad-minded, and concerned in the Big Business. We often find them bigoted and hide-bound. As much corruptors in their own way, as the political machine-brand of man is in his.

It is up to the parson to sow the seed, and to each man to bear his own fruit—and cast his own ballot.

THE Law gave a magnificent account of itself at Friday's political meeting in The Empress.

Incidentally, too, a delightful illustration of how absolutely inconsistent the profession is, both as to the men it takes under its mantle, and their manner of conducting themselves when it comes to a case of acting in their capacity as private citizens.

Mr. Feine, as usual, spoke eloquently and to the point. In him we have The Law illustrated at its best.

He is not an orator, but a thinker. Had he been possessed of Joe Clarke's gift of delivery, coupled with his own grace of mind and manner, there is nothing in the Charley Cross line of man that could have brought about his own defeat at the last, or any other, federal election.

Next, we had that Cyclone, Mr. Mackie. Some body, he or some one else, muttered something early in the game about his being Mr. Magrath's representative for that election.

That was the last we heard, however, of Mr. Magrath or his platform.

Followed the Deluge.

Impassioned! Yes, indeed.

So impassioned no one near me, at least, had the very faintest glimmer of what it was all about.

We know it was something "immense," first shot.

"Ignominious," second try.

"Ignominious," third and supposed to be bull's-eye record—but at last he did it! He got it!

"Ignominious," with all an orator's display of fireworks.

Mr. Mackie is The Law run riot.

A few doses of Sanatogen for that enervation of nerves and language might make an orator of him. One thing he does on the Press, and the Press in turn does its level best to do him justice.

Did any one suggest a dictionary for Mr. Mackie as Christmas favor? Not so. Make it an "Essay on Quotations."

Mr. Macdonald followed. Another gentleman choked too full for utterance. Too full for sound or sense. Mr. Clarke might have rendered it more literally, "foam."

Where was that judicial calmness the lawyers, the liars, are always impressing upon us to exercise, when we seek them in our troubles?

We have been impulsive.

Steps The Law with a freezing voice to query, "Why did you allow your feelings to run away with you?" Yet are these gentlemen, who have such easy access to their own medicine chest, probably in private life the most Mad Hatters out of word-twisters in a community.

Mr. Macdonald is a fighter and I like him for it. I like it in him, as I admire it in Joe Clarke, or any other man.

But I like a little science as well as brute force.

The Law has been a Macdonald—why not try Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

JOE CLARKE then took the centre where the calcium shines, and words, and mob oratory,

not logic, were doing a hot two-step.

I confess it now, Mr. Clarke was a surprise to me. I had looked for a man who spoke with neither rhyme nor reason.

I found one who, in comparison with some of the other speakers referred to, was a model of self-control and balance.

He made a good speech. Obviously, too, he made a very good impression on the audience.

I shall always remember it in Joe Clarke's favor, that where he might have been spiteful and humbly vindictive, he used his power to quell, not encourage, the demonstration against Mr. Macdonald.

If he had himself always as well under control as he had on Friday night, I can very well believe that the future would hold much for him.

MR. SHORT is the rather ponderous, and unemotional type of The Law.

I can't imagine him figuring very prominently in Court work.

It is behind the scenes and as an organizer that he is at his best. He is self-contained, shrewd, a weigher of pros and cons, a man who thinks first and then acts.

He will bring to the study of civic problems a well-balanced judgment, a strict, conscientious, sense of duty, and an experience which should stand the city in good stead.

When men of prominence and distinction visit us they will find a Mayor whom Edmonton need make no apologies for.

No one is very apt to flim-flam him in putting deals over on the people. I should say that he had a magnificent opportunity, and a New and unsullied Year to put it into effect.

As to electing Mr. Short and his followers shouldn't have to devote so much time to telling the public what a good man he was.

The existing political will have done their own summing up of him.

WHEN I stepped into the polling-booth to vote on Monday, I found one of the gentlemen in charge, engaged in the act of eating a piece of mince pie.

Several other (what do you call them?) minions, sat around blowing rings from cigars and cigarettes.

Quite a family party, as it were.

They were all interested in my name and address, and seemed mildly curious as to my Christian one and all.

One said, "J. B.?"

I said, "No; G. B."

"Can't be," said another.

"Mary Gertrude," ventured a man with a red book.

"The same," said I, almost adding, "How did you know?"

Then they handed me a slip of white paper, and told me to be careful and not vote for the whole shooting-match by mistake.

A friend, going out, said he hoped I was right; if not, that he could help me on by suggesting a ticket. The next moment I was shoved into a little stall, and was putting the cross-cross against the names of the candidates. I was surprised to find my first exercise of the suffrage.

Coming out, various gentlemen assured me that "our man" was as good as elected already.

I said, "That's good."

I don't know to this day who "our man" is, but I daresay it's all right.

At that rate, now there can be no mistake about it. William Short is "our man" for the year 1913. And it's up to every resident of the city to give him their very best support.

THE LADIES, God bless them, were quite tery when I saw them making ready for a decent on the polls.

Carefully, enough, it was "after the bridge was over."

They had contained their impatience, think of it, until the last cup of tea had vanished, and if the stars shone down on the naughty little world of Edmonton.

There's self-control for you, and then they say, "Short, of course."

The costume most effected for discovering themselves to the polls, was my shimmery satin thing, with plenty of feathers, and a goodly supply of ermines for preference. Everyone was asking everyone else how they were going to vote, and everyone was answering,

"Short, of course."

"Magrath, I just guess."

"You can't quiz me."

"By ballot, thank you."

"Who do you think?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"And how do you go about it?"

"Don't really care—all in one breath, so that you couldn't get a word in edgewise."

They say that some of the gallants at the polls suggested that many of the fair voters didn't look old enough to mark a ballot. This, however, I believe to be a libel.

Mothers and Fathers are counting up their hoarded pennies. Lovers are bent on breaking themselves. Grandfathers and Grandmothers—the dattings—walk stary-eyed with rose-leaved fingers urging them the way of fairyland.

Thank God for Christmas and understanding, and love—and—children.

And so, because I am old, and world-beaten, and have lost the key to the Garden of Enchantment, I dress my little four-year-old daughter up, and we steal off for Paradise together.

You must not blame me that I make it her, and drag her into this tiresome old Mirror.

Reflect that in her for the moment I see only the beautiful concrete example of all childhood. Will you not come with us, too, and see the shops? Bring your own small key-beaters, else shall we never see the inside of the Garden.

Poor Pities, we, who beat, and beat, and beat, up on the gate!

You mustn't hurry.

At the corner we have to pause to gaze wistfully, and with flattened noses, at the Shop of Delights, where red-cheeked apples, and fat lad ribs bursting their jackets with sweetness, are playing "tag" with "nigger-tots," and Christmas stockings, and pyramids of daisies and daisies, and that delightful conglomeration and mixed mixture, that makes of a "corner-store" a thing of wonderment and irresistible attraction.

My daughter thinks that surely in "our Corner Store" old Santy has upset his precious sack, and hasn't had time to get them sorted out again.

The Turkey in Mrs. Hebebrand's butcher shop window, are again milestones that interrupt our progress.

"That's the kind of bologna she likes," Mrs. Hebebrand's man gives her some when she is allowed to go there, with a certain small boy on a message. We look in drug-store windows and like the lights, and the sparkling skin of the horse, and state boxes of sweets and perfume. But we haven't reached the Garden yet.

It lies "down-town" where her brother goes, er, ranks, and her Daddy works, and "beauty things" come from, and her Mother stays a long while when she goes there.

Quite a tiresome place sometimes, but heavenly when an old man with a pack on his back makes it his dwelling-place, for a space.

We are quite excited when we get down in the region of the Hudson Bay, and the Acme, and Ram, and all the shops where the toys hang, and the dollies curtsy in the windows.

And my Daughter nearly loses her key to the Garden, we are so put upon, wondering which entrance we shall take.

But the Garden is always the Garden, we decide, no matter what legend is bears on the gate. Dolls are dolls—Teddy Bears are Teddy Bears.

Thus we skirt about, and go in and out, but always we run across the same dear old Humpty Dumpty Circus, and the Campbell Kids make eyes at us wherever we turn.

Mystic, merry Toyland may change its clothes, but it is the same, just a little cleverer, and more grown-up, as it was when I was a little Daughter, and grasped my Granny's hand to lead her to the door of the Enchanted Spot.

I wonder what will give our Daddy and Mr. — a middle-aged friend. A fire reel, and a Teddy Bear, such suggestions as the moment.

For Aunt Tabitha, "her thinks a dolly's tea-set would be scrumptious."

"Look! Look! at the Beauty Things!" she admonishes me every other moment. We decide to ask for most of them on their Christmas letters.

The jewellery shops have no attraction for her. On we go to another Toyland where we discover other Frond Parents playing their children's hands, as I do mine, and they, too, are asking for every thing in sight.

Andrew Carnegie was never half so rich as we are—in the confining eyes of these little ones. Neither did he ever dream of anything like such affluence as we enjoy, who call these children ours.

We order half the shop—in our minds. We go home in the street-car, with shiny eyes, and rosy cheeks from very excitement.

We are outrageously happy—and poor. Perhaps I smile a bit over Fire Reel and Teddy Bear.

But then—I remember how some of us select our presents. The things WE want for our husbands.

Surely, surely we are all children at heart in the best estimate. And the world is a model of love and generosity in comparison.

Her definition of a Christmas present is of interest.

"It is a Christmas present," she tells us.

"It is a secret," she further confesses, "she can't tell us."

It is a bag!

WONDER whether any of our Cabinet Ministers will "hook in on us as Christmas?"

Festive occasions such as this, are the only excuses they seem able to find for ever putting in an appearance at the Capital. What between baseball games, and conferences at the Royal Alex., and trips for their health, and sojourns here, and something else there, these men are being made ready for their themselves wondering how they shall put in their time.

The rest of us would like to see a sample of their work, once in a while.

R. N. FRITH

K. W. TOWNSHEND

A. J. TELFER

Frith-Townshend Company, Limited

FINANCIAL AGENTS
INSURANCE, LOANS

Trust Funds Invested, Western Debentures Bought and Sold
Estates Managed, Rents Collected, Mortgages and Insurance
Effected

Our Insurance Department Covers all Lines

Casualty Live Stock Fire
Employers' Liability Marine Insurance
Life Automobile Bonds
Thrashing Machine Insurance

Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission

We invite Correspondence on all matters relating to Edmonton.

References:
Bank of Montreal. R. G. Dun & Co.

Office:
637 FIRST STREET EDMONTON, ALTA.

I Heard Rather a Good One

"Do you know," said the young man, "I either dreamed that I proposed to you last night, or else I did propose."

"And cannot you remember whether it was a dream or reality?" asked the beautiful creature.

"For the life of me I cannot."

"Well, you did."

"I did! And you—did you accept me, or reject me?"

"You must try to remember. If I accepted you, of course you may kiss me. If I rejected you, you must bid me goodbye at once."

"What should he do—Canada Mouth."

What's the matter with making a break for the nearest gold-cure establishment?

Mr. Gladstone used to tell how an English lady, a friend of his, chartering a cab for the day in Dublin, said to the driver, "You won't mind if I take you for the day?" "Is it me mind, me lady?" was his gallant reply. "Huge I wouldn't mind if ye took me for life!"—Mrs. E. Lytleton in the Nineteenth Century.

They were leaving Eden. "The loach," exclaimed Adam, "is on us."

"And that!" rejoined Eve, with sudden consciousness, "is about all."

"Sam dear," asked Mrs. Prouty, who had been away from home the greater part of July and August, "what is the matter with the garden?"

"I don't know," answered Sam, humbly. "I haven't done anything to it."

"What sort of a tablet shall we erect over your grave when you are gone?" they asked of the man who had long suffered.

"Well," said the cheerful victim of stomach trouble, "I think a cypripedium tablet would be as appropriate as any."

THE PROOF IS IN THE PAYING

"That," said Mr. Dustin Stas, "is a magnificent art treasure."

"How do you know?" By the painter's signature?"

"No. By my own signature on the check I gave the dealer."

"Waitah," said Colonel Clay, as he glanced around the dining room of the big hotel, "you all kin bring me a Kentucky breakfast."

"And what is that, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Bring me a big steak, a buldog and a quart of bourbon whiskey."

"But why do you order a buldog?" asked the waiter.

"To eat the steak, sah," replied the Colonel.

THE LIMIT

Lady St. Davids leans forward to the general use of paper tablecloths and pocket handkerchiefs.

But, her good dame, thy day is almost done!

Thy prayers and tears alike shall be ignored,
For know the era will be soon begun
When paper shall block the floor to board.
No more the costly damask shall return
From thy rude hands, a parody of lace,
While linen, expressive of profound concern,
Mar the sweet contours of the housewife's face.

The handkerchief, that was thy toy and sport
To rend or lose at will, thou shalt not see,
For lo! I shall employ a cheaper sort,
At less per dozen than thy weedy fee.
And heavily in distress her pearly tears
Shall now commit to paper, which absorbs
The evidence of her griefs and fears,
Which are distilled from her transcendental orbs.

Nay, I will even sport a paper shirt,
Bright paper socks, and paper underwear,
GAL. POIR.....O R.....
That thy disputation shall never hurt.
No deftly laundered suit shall shiver so fair!
Yet in my song of freedom from thy thrall
One note appears to sound a trifle flat.
A paper collar! No, confound it all!
I draw the line at that!
—Touchstone in London Mail.

A Scottish tourist walking about the streets in Paris, some distance from his hotel, found he had taken a wrong turning, and, to make things worse, he couldn't through ignorance of the language ask the way.

Then a happy thought struck him by dint of signs he concluded a bargain with a fruit hawker for a basket of gooseberries, and then, to the amusement of everybody, went about shouting:

"Fine Scotch groselets! A penny a pun!"

This went on for a while till a fellow countryman rushed forward and asked:

"Man d'ye think ye're in the streets of Ghizez, that ye gine about like a madman crying groselets?"

"Eh!" replied the hawker, with a sense of relief, "ye're just the man I was looking for. D'ye ken the way to the hotel?"

ANOTHER BADDENING THOUGHT

Since it's a trick no man can learn
And every fellow dreads,
When women make our country's laws
We'll make our country's laws.
—Denver Republican.

W. A. THOMSON

Clothier & Furnisher

658 FIRST STREET

Next King Edward Hotel

What we Have for Gift Seekers



Dressing Gowns

House Coats

Fancy Vests

Collar Bags

Knitted Scarfs

Umbrellas

Latest Novelties in
Neckwear

SEE OUR
WINDOW
DISPLAY



Eastern Canada Excursions

FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR VISITORS

Edmonton to Toronto and Western Ontario\$30.00
Edmonton to Montreal\$61.00
Proportionately reduced rates to Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces. Tickets on sale December 1st to 31st.

THREE MONTHS' LIMIT.. EXTENSION PRIVILEGES ANNUAL HOME VISITORS' EXCURSIONS

to
Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska and Wisconsin
Tickets on sale December 1st to 31st

THREE MONTHS' LIMIT.

Our equipment is unequalled. Standard Electric lighted sleepers, Large Berths, Reading Lamps in Upper and Lower Berths Electric-Lighted Diners and Coaches. Tourist Sleeping Cars of the latest design.

"THE WEST'S BEST." "ON TIME ALL THE TIME."

Transatlantic Steamship Tickets via All Lines to All Ports. Set particulars of the Special through Tourist Cars leaving Edmonton, November 18th and December 1st, direct to Ocean Ports.

Also special through train to Eastern Canada and Portland, Me., leaving Edmonton December 9th; no change or transfer.

Write or ask for particulars from

J. F. PHILP
City Passenger Agent
153 Jasper Avenue E. Phone 4057.

Tea Kettle Inn

617 Fourth Street
Opposite Cecil Hotel
Afternoon Tea a Specialty



Open 7.00 to 8 p.m.
Breakfast, Luncheon, Supper, A la Carte
Dinner 6 p.m. Table d'hôte 50c

A SUGGESTION

Did it ever occur to you how many acceptable gifts for the holidays might be found among Electric Fixtures?

For Instance:-



Reading Lamps in various designs, as practical as they are beautiful, made in a wide variety of styles in best quality of brass and a dozen different finishes, including silver grey, ivory, brushed brass, old gold, verde antique. Prices from \$5 to \$70

A visit to our display rooms will be a revelation to you.

Burnham-Frith Electric Co., Ltd.

224-228 McDougall Avenue

Madam S. GAY RAYMOND

Dermatological and Scalp Specialist,

Hairdressing, Manicuring, Vibrassage, Massage and Electrology.

542 Jasper Avenue, West

Phone 1478

We wish to announce that we have with us a French Hairdresser,
Phone 1478 for Appointment.

MRS. MANUEL

Teacher of High Class
Ceremics

Metif in Semi-conventional, Con-
ventional and realistic fashion
from the Frolics, Flowers, But-
terflies, and Baskets, etc.

STUDIO 716 FOURTEENTH ST.

Do your Christmas Shopping
Next Week

THE WORLD OF SPORT

There is no question that a friend of sport was elected to the council in Joe Irwin and he has a great chance to accomplish something in the way of providing better athletic facilities for the city. It should not be a hard job. We have a good deal of land available that only needs fencing. The east end park can be put to much better use. One of the grounds made its first big vote for the Irwin association's work was that part of the money was to be used in providing playground facilities. The west end park has also great possibilities.

It is now fairly close to a large portion of the population. The south end park must be kept up and then there are the golf links.

What about maintaining them for public golf? It would be a shame to let all the work which the golf club has done on them go for nothing. The experience of other cities which have established public links should be looked into. Golf is a very old game in the Old Country and there is no reason why it should be considered exclusively so here.

The Victoria colonist says: "Judging from the space devoted by the press to sporting news one might think this was a sporting generation; but it is not so. A man who looks on at a game, is no more a sportsman than a man, who listens to a band, is a musician. There, perhaps, has not been a time in many years when the public participated individually in many sports to as slight a degree as they do today."

A Hamilton paper takes very strong exception to some remarks that were made by an American evangelist who was in the city when the three Canadian football championships were brought there.

The Boston man's remarks, we are told, "were a libel against this city and thousands of its citizens. It is true that the cheering crowd that surged through the streets on Saturday night made a lot of noise; but it is grossly unfair to charge that it was a drunken crowd. Mr. Lehmann would not dare, in his own country, to make the charge that the delegates to one of the national political conventions—Republican, Democratic or Progressive—were drunk because they yelled continuously an hour or so by the clock in order to demonstrate their enthusiasm. The noise made by a Hamilton crowd was the more excusable because most of the demonstrators were young fellows, and there was no doubt about the genuineness and spontaneity of their enthusiasm, whereas the delegates to the political conventions were mostly men of mature years and their enthusiasm was mostly of the "canned" variety.

Another American evangelist, Fred B. Smith, of New York, speaking in Toronto, denounced the vice of gambling and those who indulge in it and incidentally made this remark: "Any man who will bet on a horse race, a football game or a game of cards, will put his hand into your pocket and steal."

This is very foolish. Will a man who bets on the rise of the real estate market, get his hand into your pocket and steal. In that case, the police should have their eyes on some San Francisco school superintendents. The wife of a gambler is quite apparent enough without its being necessary to indulge in exaggerated statements like this.

A LINCOLN STORY

The great bulk of my father's notes and memoranda about Lincoln were of course used in the biography written in collaboration with John Hay, written Helen Nicolay in the Century Magazine.

There are, however, others that he wanted to print in a volume called "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln."

But unfortunately he was not able to even begin the work. In what follows I have grouped together some of these notes, which have a special personal interest.

Mr. Lincoln's sadness was not a forbidding of personal disaster, but a deep recurring melancholy that came upon him in moments of quiet, and after he entered the presidency a sense of the almost crushing responsibility that lay upon him. To make life possible under this load of weight he had his inextinguishable sense of humor and his kindly genuine interest in the people about him. He really liked men, and with them he was as often men are, cordial, direct and hearty. "His manner," my father says, "was in his own exceptional and peculiar. His moods varied with time and circumstances, as to those of ordinary men. He was always natural and simple, took note of commonplace matters as they happened in a commonplace way, his humor bubbling out frequently unless a more serious topic happened to be under discussion.

It is not the father's days that dwell on the picture line of fate an enveloping, encompassing atmosphere of doom from which escape can be no more escape than he can from the air about him. Yet there is one man in history whose story view with the forces and martyrs of Greek drama in emphasizing this idea. It is Abraham Lincoln. A shadow hung over him from childhood. It darkened and lightened and darkened again, but never left him. His innate cheerful and common sense never completely against it; his brilliant wit barred it repeatedly, but it could not be dispelled. After a time it ceased to be a mere personal fate and became the foreboding of a nation's tragedy. This was in 1860. Five years later its fulfillment plunged the world in gloom.

"In the early days of his first term when the rank of office seemed as at its height, there came a delegation to urge some California appointments which were extremely opposed by Col. E. D. Baker, then United States Senator from Oregon. The delegation for its spokesman an ex-Californian who was a violent and bitter enemy of Baker who both in the verbal interview and the papers he presented made coarse and criminal accusations against Col. Baker's integrity and honor. Now, the

President and Baker had been intimate personal friends and political associates in their early years at Springfield, and Lincoln was therefore very much in the habit of being groundless. He intimated as much to the accuser, but the latter persisted with all the more vehemence. Mr. Lincoln heard him out with a silence and when he had finished handed him back his papers, with you to keep them. Mr. President, they are yours."

"I desire to do with as I please," said Lincoln.

"You was the reply."

"The President stepped to the fireplace and thrust the papers between the blazing brands, and as the room was lighted up with the fresh flame he dismissed the interviewers with a stern look and a simple 'Good morning, gentlemen.'"

GRISLY HUMOR

(New York Evening Sun.)

A Baltimore woman, who is with her husband in Europe, alleges that for several years just he has persisted in smiling to her. She had no great idea of his mental stability, but it was the sentiment of the words to "which she chiefly objected. The sentiment could scarcely be called cheerful; according to her testimony, for months at a time he went about two hours chanting to her:

Six feet long and two feet wide
Is the hole I am digging for me I know!

So far as we can find out the voice in which he chanted was joyous enough, but there was, probably, a meaning look in the gentleman's eye as he sang. His refrain appears to have been of his own composition; at least we never saw the following lines before:

Honey, Honey, Honey,
The days are sunny,
But they won't be sunny long!

The thought that there might be a feeling other than light-hearted merriment behind these little melodious or humorous songs upon the lady when the husband began to chant over and over again, in endless repetition:

There'll be a tragedy soon;
There'll be a tragedy soon;
There'll be a tragedy soon.

The lady says "she got the horrors." We can believe her. Without prejudging the case at all perhaps we may be permitted to remark that we are able to feel a certain sympathy for her. There was a husband in Chicago, not an long ago, who stole him for divorce, and it came out in the evidence that he had ideas of humor not unlike the Baltimore man's. One day at the dinner table she observed him dancing two chicken bones up and down on his plate. She thought it was a peculiar amusement and said to him as a explanation, "My dear," she said regarding her with a peculiar smile, "we're just thinking—just thinking!" "Thinking what?" she demanded, at which a chill shiver of his thought already pressed upon her consciousness. He had such a look in his eye as he danced those bones. "Thinking," said he, "that when you die your bones will look much like these." And the brute rattled a melancholy tune upon the table. It appears that he was so pleased with the exact of the pleasure upon his wife that he polished the bones and always carried them with him. It got so that the simple exhibition of them would throw her into hysterics. A more unusual idea was that of a Frenchman who had a small black watch charm made in the form of a coffin, which he used to dangle in front of his wife's eyes. There are certain forms of humor, we should imagine, which positively must be curbed if the matrimonial relation is to be harmonious.

STEAD'S VISION

A Quarter of a Century Ago He Fore-saw the Titanic's Loss.

(Pittsburgh Gazette Times.)—An investigator, searching in London for material for a biography of W. T. Stead, the British correspondent who went down in the Titanic, has discovered a strange prediction of his own doom made by Mr. Stead in the Pall Mall Gazette, on March 22, 1900.

The article appeared a couple of days after the Oregon was lost, and purport to give a description of the scene of horror that ensued on the then big Atlantic liner, when at last the passengers realized the ship was doomed. In a footnote, Stead wrote:

"This is exactly what might take place and what WILL take place if the liners are sent to sea short of boats."

Here are some extracts from Stead's grim prediction:

"From below there came a queer sucking sound, with an occasional long creak, and I saw that the ship seemed to 'hang' as the seas met her."

"The boats were made fast to stand heavy weather, and only skilled sailors could launch them."

"I calculated that by loading all the eight boats down to the water's edge and by packing the children along the bottom boards, we might accommodate 210 people. We were carrying 216 altogether."

"A loud creak, followed by a wailing noise like thunder, rendered all other sounds insignificant, and a captain who was going out to New York said, 'The bulkhead's gone. We must take our chance now.' The ship stopped and nearly died, and began to tremble curiously, but it was only the river of water pouring off, and we were now the frozen driven up like rats from a burrow. 'Stay by the boats!'"

"The order was given, and the boat again's call rose in a low, tremulous croak. One of the carboid boats was successfully launched, and the other, still, revolved in vain."

"Women first, then, Thompson, you stay here. Take the men and the boys."

"The young English lady was more."

Continued on page 7

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

The ACME COMPANY, Ltd.

Cor. Jasper Avenue and Second Street

Beautiful New Waists Makes an Ideal Xmas Gift

For the woman who is halting with indcision regarding the giving of some Xmas remembrances, let this timely suggestion from our waist department be a guide and help.

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT

The men can well take advantage of this suggestion. Most men dislike buying, here's an acceptable gift for your wife or mother.



Do Your
Christmas
Shopping
the early
part of
Next
Week

Smart Shirt Waist in Taffatta wash silk, made plain mannish style, set in sleeves, turn over collar and cuffs, in white, tan, blue and black
Special Price \$4.25

Handsome White Ninon over White Silk, high neck and long sleeves and shaped yoke and finished with piping of soft shades of cerise, blue, orange and pink,
Special Price \$6.50

Dainty Ninon, Chiffon and Paillette Silk Waists in all smartest designs, latest cut sleeves and Robespier collar bodices are trimmed with Val Cluny and shadow lace, fashioned in yokes and cuffs, all sizes. Special prices on all.



A Life's
Experience
Stands
Behind
Our
Service

H. B. KLINE
Cor. Jasper and Queens Ave.
Marriage License Issued

A WORD
OF
VALUE

Gold Locket engraved \$5.00
Bracelets, Reg. \$8.00 to \$10.00, for... \$6.50
Sterling Manicure Sets, Special... \$10.00
3-Piece Heavy Sterling Toilet Set, engraved \$20.00

Diamonds are The Best Investment
See our Special at \$25.00
Other Gems at Attractive Prices
We Sell as we Advertise

Xmas
Confectionery

We have the best assortment of Xmas Baskets and Boxes in the west.

HEPBURN'S

Our Luncheonette after the Rink or Theatre

***Specially
Purchased
For the
Christmas
Trade***



THE FINEST
PEARL JEWELRY

Christmas Gifts for You

From all the large buying centres of the world for your selection

020 FIRST STREET EDMONTON

To Order Your Evening Suit for Christmas

We have Doubled our Staff

**For the Christmas Rush,
If you are needing an
Ulster or Overcoat, order
to-day or the early part
of next week.**

Edmonton

"ALWAYS RELIABLE."

"But the harm that may be done by prurient novels (which are rare) is trifling compared with the effect of public spectacle that deliberately turns the minds of spectators to salacious thoughts. Such spectacles have become frequent and flagrant. I know that they are sought for and invented with the idea of making headlines their appeal. Even the street advertisement hoardings are used to convey this appeal. Posters have lost the

A comedy talking and eccentric dancing specialty that always wins approval is the one given by Frank Gordon and Rose Kinley. Miss Kinley is a winsome girl and a graceful dancer working with energy and spirit.

A suffragette parot is one of the funny features of the remarkable jugglery act of Mile. Lucille who has just closed long engagements at the Empire, London and Alhambra, Paris. The talking bird's comments on Mile. Lucille's act are extremely funny.



THE MASTER'S PIANO CO.,
423-425 JASPER WEST
Home of the New Art Bell, the Piano with the
Sweet Tone.

**Have a Victrola in your
Home this Christmas!**

You can search the whole world over and not find another gift that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.

The Victor brings all the world's amusements into your home. A "Victor Christmas" will mean a merry one for the entire family, and it's as easy as little as \$20 buys a Victrola. We invite you to visit our new Victor Department—the Department of "Prompt and Reliable Service." Edmonton people have given us splendid patronage during the few weeks that our new Victrola Parlors have been open. They have been well repaid for patronizing us—they have now a new record—every music they may wish to hear. Victor record—every Victrola made. We will gladly play any music you may wish to hear.

GIFTS
that will
PLEASE

Silk Hose in solid colors or two tone accordian effects.
Prices \$1.00 to \$5.00 per pair

Neck Scarfs in Silk Knitted and Red Poplin, exclusive shades and weaves. **Prices \$1.50 to \$10.00**

The largest assortment of high grade Neckwear, Silk Pyjamas, Dinner Vests, House Coats, Umbrellas and Walking Sticks shown in the city.

Gilpin & McComb

The Shop of Fashion Craft

27 Jasper W.

Edmonton



Furs for Xmas

No gift will ever be more graciously received by any lady than a beautiful Set of Furs

INSPECT OUR STOCK

Alexander-Hilpert Fur Company

609 Jasper West

MacLean Block

Xmas Furnishings For Men

We have one of the largest stocks of Mens' Furnishings in Canada to choose from. Most lines exclusive with us. Our table on any article is a guarantee of quality.

SHOP EARLY

Stanley & Jackson

Windsor Block

Edmonton, Alta.

McLaughlin's "DRY"



PALE GINGER ALE

With Your Meals-Appetizing and Refreshing

ALL GROCERS AND LIQUOR STORES

Continued from page 4

"At last only one light boat remained, and still there were over 700 of us jammed in the narrow space left by the wild fire. The captain had dropped his hands—he could do no more. One sailor stood alone, looking long enough. Tom, let's have our turn."

"And he, with three sturdy Swedes, managed to get at the davits. They were just in time, for the steamer began to sway as she floated, and they were all but swamped by the charge and leap of a crowd who flung themselves into the water. Then I was left with a great multitude, whose agonized clamor stunned me."

"I felt a slight convulsive movement, then the sea seemed to dash down on me in one mass, as if the wall of water fell from a high cliff. Then I heard a humming noise in my ears, and with a gasp I was up amid a blackened writhing sheet of drooping crests."

"A boat came past me and I struck out frantically. I raised myself to the gunwale, 'Shall I hit his fingers?' said a man. 'No, let him come, and I was laid, sick and dizzy, on the bottom boards of a crowded boat. You know that we were picked up after a nasty time."

SIR JOHN OR THE SENATOR

A number of writers, familiar with Ottawa during the time when the Marquis of Lorne was Governor-General have disputed the story in Sir Richard Cartwright's recollections to the effect that Sir John Macdonald attended the Princess Louise by calling her "Lionel" in the course of a dance at Rideau Hall. Those who contradict the story say that it was not Sir John, but a Western Senator who so offended.

As to the merits of the story, we cannot pretend to decide. About a man like Sir John a great many stories are bound to be told in print and out of it, some to his credit and some not. People are still working Lorne into the past that he knew nothing about. But while the friends of Sir John are receding his memory from the recollection that on a social occasion he spoke to familiarly to a Royal Prince, whom the Western Senator, on whose memory the reproach is being fastened, no friend of Sir John, had sent his suit not to seek to mitigate it.

If so, let the reader picture the scene for himself. A state ball, all the great people of the land, brilliant lights, luxury, elegance. A Western Senator dancing the lancers with a Royal Princess. Perhaps he felt that it was his social duty to say something during a lull in the dance but was in doubt about how to address his partner. The poor man in his anxiety decided to address her as "Princess Louise," and set out to do so with the result that his voice betrayed him, and he sounded the second word, "Lionel." It might have been so. It happened. It is all conjecture. But for the credit of the country we are seeking to mitigate an incident which all must desire to see explained, so that it may be forgotten. However, Western Senators are not alone in making blunders where royalty is concerned. There was a story recently in one of the English papers about a major and a mayor—perhaps it was not true—who, at the ceremony of laying a corner stone after the king and queen had signed a document, "George" and "Mary," signed their names "Henry" and "Jane," probably feeling that it would be presumptuous to deviate from the royal example, but they are as much in the habit of making name of major and mayors as in England that one doubts the stories told about them—Toronto Star.

Some Impressions of the Far North

When Mr. Macdonald came home from his long trip North last summer, I asked him if he wouldn't jot down a few impressions for "The Saturday Mirror." Following is the decidedly interesting result.

"What of the North Country? I left Edmonton April 26th by stage to Athabasca Landing. It was on a Friday, and there were 12 in all in the three wagons. On that first day roads and the horses were good, but the next day both roads and horses were almost beyond the bounds of the possible and we reached the gateway to that vast and mysterious Northwest weary and worn—and very glad. We did not start down the Athabasca river until May 1st. I spent the intervening time watching the building of the two river steamers, "Athabasca" and "Slave River," both now in commission, and noting the various concerted and individual plans for entering that "New North." I think it was in "Old North" which I saw. The travel by snow, and dog-trails and canoe, the old trading posts of the H. B. Co., the typical quadrangle with its stockade and stores, and men-of-war and dwellings, the rivers and lakes and forests, the absence of rail and wire and steam, the old sun dials with rotted frames and typical makings—all these suggested the fact that it is yet an old North that is found between Athabasca Landing and Ft. McMurray. It is a country which possesses enough possibilities and surprises without manufacturing and invention."

"Its resources are both many and mighty. Its timber, spruce, larch, birch, cool, asphalt, salt, marl and water power, besides nature has oil river and lake navigation, are as yet an unknown quantity, and no wonder. Several attempts to find oil are in progress, extending from Pelican Rapids to a point below Ft. McKay, 175 miles farther. How far their efforts have been quite as successful as those at Morville. At Pelican Rapids they are utilizing a small fraction of the enormous flow of gas. The current of these rivers is very sluggish. Our snows, loaded with 7 or 8 tons of freight each, drop down stream at the rate of three, four and sometimes five miles per hour, reaching Grand Rapids on May 2nd. The ice was still piled along the banks in immense quantities, but along the Slave and McKenae rivers, in June and July, we saw no ice. At Ft. Smith, in June, the thermometer for days registered between 50 and 55 degrees and the boat was a burden. At Ft. Norman good

Hope and Arctic Red River, I gathered wild roses, the largest and most beautiful I ever saw growing, but they were without fragrance."

"We travelled throughout a valley 2000 miles long, in which were broad and high hills, mountains, and treacherous currents, forests of big trees and miles upon miles of dreary sand banks, sometimes bare and sometimes covered with scrub and willow."

"The Indians are a vanishing race. More than one spot, which a few years ago numbered its hunters up to 100 beyond the hundred point, cannot now muster 20. The ravages of disease are terrible, chiefly owing to the lack of sanitation and isolation. I saw several among the age of 20 in the small Indian colony at Ft. Smith, who were far advanced in the dreaded white plague. Measles, too, is very destructive among them. When the steamer crossed one of the most beautiful rivers, a hurried call was issued and a hospital service held. Several were hospitalised. I am credibly informed that among that number were some who were, and had been for months, suffering for the direct necessities of life. It seemed to me that bread and blanket were more in order than ceremony. I do not mean that those miners should furnish such, but that those children of the wild should be cared for as children. That the Canadian government very wisely does, I am sure, is of it to do. The Esquimaux are men of larger physique and broader vision. They came on the boat at Ft. McPherson with a freedom and cheerfulness of manner and ease that belied them a "Yukon" Indian never had. I saw several examples among the Indians of resemblance to the Asiatics. In no instance this resemblance was startling. I did not see any example of it among the Esquimaux, and Mr. Frabert, chief factor for the H. B. Co. of the McPherson district, told me there were more of them there this year than ever before at one time. All along this "great waterway" are evidences of its dangers, and of tragic moments. Here is a lone grave, marked by a rude wooden cross, where a life was lost, and shortly howe and ambition ended, and no word went home for months to the anxiously waiting friends."

Farther down is a little stockade fence, where the dreaded diphtheria had taken its toll. At Smith's Landing an elaborate cross tells a mute story that there two priests found the eddy, swollen and treacherous. At Grand Rapids many have found the "Way out."

"At the 'Big Cascade' is an empty grave where poor Kelly's body was temporarily buried. He was used to that country and was on his way out for the last time—and it was the last time. So on down, right to McPherson, where lives the bodies of those splendid specimens of the H. B. W. M. F. Fitzgerald and his three companions, "Four Fitz" and "Five Fitz," the men who knew him say, "he was worth while." It was a pleasure to hear them say it and it made me think I had not heard something in not hearing him. The monument for their graves, erected by friends and companions, went down to McPherson, and we brought back his spirit with some personal belongings. At Fort Smith the transport work is all done by horse and man. When done using these horses in the Kalt, they forage for themselves throughout the winter and have never failed to come in fat and hard in the spring. West from Fort Smith on ideal prairie-extended for hundreds of miles, and here are found the only remaining herd of wild buffalo. They are cared for by two men, Messrs. McCallum and Mulloy. At Ft. Simpson, 175 miles north of Edmonton, I saw garden and field both as well advanced as anywhere in Alberta. Hye, barley and wheat sown on May 2nd, were headed when we were there July 1st. H. DARLING.

Professional and Business.

EDWARD BRICE, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, 124 Jasper Avenue east. Phone 345. M. 2nd to 1st.

C. ANDERSON, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, 124 Jasper Avenue east. Phone 345. M. 2nd to 1st. (Also of British Columbia.)

MYNOMAN & MYNOMAN - ADVOCATES, 124 Jasper Avenue east. Phone 345. M. 2nd to 1st.

ROBERTSON, DICKSON & MACDONALD, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS, 124 Jasper Avenue east. Phone 345. M. 2nd to 1st.

RUTHERFORD, JAMISON & GRANT, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS, 124 Jasper Avenue east. Phone 345. M. 2nd to 1st.

SHORT, CROSS & BIGGAN, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, 124 Jasper Avenue east. Phone 345. M. 2nd to 1st.

DR. C. J. MADILL, D.O., L.D.S., DENTIST, 124 Jasper Avenue east. Phone 345. M. 2nd to 1st.

MISS BEATRICE CRAWFORD, TEACHER OF PIANO AND VOICE, 124 Jasper Avenue east. Phone 345. M. 2nd to 1st.

JAMES HENDERSON, F.R.I.A., A.A., ARCHITECT, 124 Jasper Avenue east. Phone 345. M. 2nd to 1st.

E. C. HOPKINS, F.A.I.C., A.A., REGISTERED ARCHITECT, 124 Jasper Avenue east. Phone 345. M. 2nd to 1st.

HALL & CO., BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS, 124 Jasper Avenue east. Phone 345. M. 2nd to 1st.

WILSON & HERALD, ARCHITECTS AND ENGINEERS, 124 Jasper Avenue east. Phone 345. M. 2nd to 1st.

Christmas Floral Gifts

Lovely Flowering Plants
Cut Flowers
Gracelul Ferns and Palms

Your friends will appreciate these—

Order early . . .

WALTER RAMSAY

FLORIST.

Phone 1292

Corner Victoria Ave. and 11th Street

Henderson's Edinburgh Biscuits

Are Now Stocked by all
The Leading Grocers.

Give Them a Trial

You Will be Satisfied

Henderson's Arrowroot Biscuits and Wafers
are Specially Suitable for Children

Sole Wholesale Agents

HOLLOWAY REE & Co., Edmonton.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ANNUAL EASTERN EXCURSIONS.

Edmonton to Toronto and return \$20.00. Edmonton to Montreal and return \$20.00. Corresponding low rates to points in Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces.

Tickets on sale December 1st to 31st inclusive, good for return within three months.

Liberal Extension Privileges

Tickets issued in connection with Trans-Atlantic Trips on sale, November 7th to December 31st inclusive, and limited to five months from date of issue, with privilege of extension.

Fitted equipment, Standard and Tourist, Dining cars, Dining cars on all through trains. Compartment Library, Sleeping Cars on "Imperial Limited" and "Toronto Express."

Special through Tourist Car Service in connection with these Excursions. For rates of departure and reservations apply to Local Agent.

Tickets via all Trans-Atlantic Steamship Lines

For full information, rail and steamship tickets apply to

C. S. FYFE,

City Ticket Agent

129 Howard Avenue

Edmonton, Alta.

OR WRITE TO

R. G. McNEILLIE

District Passenger Agent

Calgary, Alta.

"THE EATING QUESTION SOLVED"

The Elgin Cafeteria

632 FIRST STREET

The popular self
serving plan in vogue

Investigate and we are
sure you will be pleased

Everything new and
up to date

No Christmas Opening Was Ever so Rich in .. Joyous Surprises ..

BACK goes the curtains Monday morn'g; back to reveal an endless display of beautiful, helpful, practicable, ornamental and new gift things for everybody that opens up the widest field of appropriate selection. Guided by the wisdom of long experience we have culled the wheat from the chaff and given expression only to the worth-while remembrances for those who have little or much to spend. In the infinite assortments, together with a largely increased sales force, the "Bay" will be more than ever recognised as "the house that sets the pace." Choose carefully and buy early.

The Linen Section is Replete with Holiday Gifts

THE Linen Section is replete with every conceivable kind of merchandise suitable for holiday gifts. Many articles are our own importation and exclusive design.

Guest Towels, in endless variety, from 25c. to \$1.00 each; hemstitched, scalloped and hand-embroidered—the most complete line we have ever shown.

Regular size Towels in hemstitched, scalloped and hand-embroidered designs, from 25c. up to \$2.50 each.

We make a special offering in large damask and huck Towels, all linen, hemstitched and scalloped, elegant patterns and quality, handsomely boxed. The pair, 25c. to 75c. Guest and regular width all-linen plain and figured huck Towelings; an immense assortment of beautiful dainty dishes to choose from, at 30c. and up to 75c. yard.

Fine quality Linens for fancy work, from 20c. to 60c. yard.

Jewelry for Gifts

In the limitless assortments and economy prices of this popular Section you will be sure to find something for her or for him that will typify sentiment of an endearing character. Hundreds of suitable Christmas gifts here in an endless variety. A few suggestions:



DAINTY NECKLACES of sterling silver, set with pearls, in combination with colored stones, 75c., \$1.00, \$2.00 and up.

LONG GERMAN SILVER and GUNMETAL COAT CHAINS, set with imitation amethyst, topaz, and diamonds, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

NOVELTY EARRINGS, flat pear and jet, also pendant earrings set with rhinestones, having pearl, sapphire and amethyst pendants, 35c., 50c., 75c. and \$1.00.

VANITY CASES of sterling silver, plain or with etched design, \$1.50, \$2.00 and up.

BAR PINS—Sterling silver and gold-filled, open work designs, many set with rhinestones, pearls and colored stones, 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.25.

GOLD-FILLED BRACELETS, in plain and engraved effects, \$1.50.

IMPORTED HAT PINS, set with imitation pearls and colored stones, 35c. and up to \$1.50 each.

Ribbons and Neckwear for Gifts

YOU have a girl chum or a woman acquaintance for whom you were thinking of buying neckwear or pretty ribbons. We complement you on your choice of neckwear or ribbon as a gift for chum or acquaintance; they are useful and will bring many pleasant remembrances of the giver.

Our complete assortment includes Neckwear of all descriptions from the plain jabots and bows to the newer and more unique Robespierre collars with vest effect. At 25c. and up to \$17.50.

In Ribbons you will find here just what you have been looking for. There are pretty taffeta ribbons, satin ribbons and velvet ribbons in plain colors and fancies. At 15c. a yard and up.



For Christmas Gifts—Handkerchiefs

THE increasing demand for exquisite needlework is best supplied in the distinctive designs we show in Madeira, Irish and Appenzel embroideries. Recent arrivals have made our assortments doubly attractive—in varieties as well as in the daintiest of new designs.

In the more inexpensive lines we call your attention to our Women's Handkerchiefs at 25c. each. Our line at this popular price is simply immense—beautiful fine all-linen hand-embroidered, hemstitched and scalloped edge, fine Swiss embroidered, genuine hand-made Armenian lace trimmed, Venise lace and several different styles of fine all-linen Initial Handkerchiefs. The greatest variety and best values we have ever shown, at 25c. each.

Gift Certificates

Convenient, quick and sensible—a method of remembering one's friends at Christmastide that appeals forcefully to business men as well as women who have a large number to purchase for—and the recipient can make personal selection at any of our fifteen stores. We issue them to any desired amount.

Silk Hosiery and Underwear for Christmas

SELECT Silk Hosiery and Underwear for mother, wife or sister and you have chosen wisely, in attractive gift boxes ready for presentation.

MCULLUM MAKE SILK HOSIERY, black and all best colors, at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.25, and \$3.50.

PURE SILK HOSIERY, in black, white and tan. Double silk toe and heel, reinforced silk-and-lisle sole, and wide garter top. Special, the pair, \$1.35.

WOMEN'S SILK VESTS, with hand-crocheted yokes at \$1, \$1.50, \$3.00, \$3.25 and \$4.50.

WOMEN'S PURE SILK COMBINATION SUITS, beautifully trimmed with dainty silk lace. Price, per suit, \$1.00.

WOMEN'S PURE SILK "SHOT" HOSIERY, black and colored, at 75c. pair.



Stylish Feather Furs For Gifts

NOW the showing is at its very best. There are the Marabou Feather Capes, Collarettes, Stoles and Neck Ruffs, in the natural color, brown and pretty combinations. Prices range from \$6.00 to \$25.00 each.

MARABOU MUFFS, to match all capes and collars. We show the newest shapes, beautifully made, satin lined. Prices range from \$7.00 to \$15.00 each.

Holiday Gift Suggestions From the Woolen Section

BEACON CRIB BLANKETS, blue and pink, with animal and juvenile designs, just the thing for the little folk. Price \$1.25.

INDIAN ROBES, in pretty Indian designs and colorings, at \$4.00 and up to \$5.00 each.

STEAMER RUGS, new colorings, new plaid effects, we show the largest line in the city. Price \$10.00 each.

Leather Art Goods Make Pleasing Gifts

WE are showing a very complete and comprehensive assortment of useful and unique novelties in leather goods, including:

Match Safes, Photo Albums, Post Card Albums, Slippers, Fancy Indian Gloves, Shaving Pads, Hat Pin Holders, Blotters, Pipe Racks, Pillow and Cushion Covers, Brown Holders, etc., etc.

Holiday Umbrellas

FEW gifts are more practical than Umbrellas. Christmas shoppers will see at a glance the result of the critical attention we have given the selection of our umbrellas, as to qualities of materials and styles of handles. Our present lines are the most attractive and the most reasonably priced we have offered, including practically all the best styles and designs.

Umbrellas for Women, \$1.50 to \$6.00;
Umbrellas for Children, 50c. to 95c.

Gifts for the Wee Ones

BABY is too small to appreciate toys, but he must have Christmas just the same as the older children. Give the little one something useful and you'll please mother as well as the little tot. We suggest:

Brush and Comb Sets of imitation ivory and celluloid, Safety Pin Holders; Hot Water Bottles, covered with removable crocheted or cloth outside; String of Beads; Teething Rings; Rattles; Saving Banks; Baby Day Books; Weighing Outfits; Powder Boxes and Puffs; Bib Holders; Slippers, crocheted with warm lining; Jackets; Baby Baskets, etc.

We Suggest a Handsome Dress Pattern for Mother, Wife or Sister

THIS surely would make a Merry Christmas for them. Our Dress Goods Section abounds in handsome serviceable materials for this purpose. There are Silk Poplins, plain and bordered; French Serges and Wool Poplins, for a handsome, dressy one-piece suit; beautiful, lustrous Broadcloth for a smart tailored suit and Scotch Tweed Mixtures for a tailored gown for general wear. There are also beautiful Coatings in all the new weaves and colors, which would gladden the heart of many a loved one on this joyous day.